

# HOBOKEN'S MILLIONAIRE PROBATION OFFICER

RICHARD STEVENS TELLS ABOUT HIS WORK

Hoboken has just discovered that it is Richard Stevens, its millionaire probation officer, who has been paying for its summer concerts in Hudson Park for the last three years. The discovery prompted a Sun reporter to question Mr. Stevens about this phase of his philanthropy.

"I believe that one of the truest charities in the masses is to give them pleasure," Mr. Stevens said. "Especially is this true in a place like Hoboken, where there are a large number of people who simply cannot

Philippines. Two or three of them died there, and when the bodies were brought home the corps turned out and gave them military funerals.

"I have a drum corps of about twenty-five, but that is a separate organization, quite distinct from the cadet corps, although their meetings and rehearsals are held in the same clubhouse.

"My object primarily was to keep the boys off the streets. There are few places here in which a young boy could spend his evenings harmlessly. There are a number



RICHARD STEVENS.

afford to go to New York for their recreations.

"There is a large German population in Hoboken, and it occurred to me a few years ago that to start a series of concerts and have them free would help to make the Sunday afternoon pass pleasantly for that music-loving class of people. I have been surprised at the success and at the fact that so many people of every class come to the park and enjoy the concerts apparently. I frequently have seen people stand for two hours to hear the band. That shows, does it not, that they appreciate it.

"Personally I am no musician. I suppose I could tell 'The Star Spangled Banner' from a hymn tune, but my personal predilections had nothing to do with the matter. I simply studied the people about me and thought that they would enjoy good music in the open air.

"Hudson Park overlooks the river. It is a charming location for open air concerts, and every Sunday there are thousands of people there. Frank Martin, the bandmaster, knows the tastes of the people and gives them what they want in the way of music. I am told it is not too classical and I believe it.

"The idea first came to me in watching the people on the recreation pier in New York which is directly opposite here and noting the keen enjoyment of young and old. Go down through the slums of the city, too, and watch the people when a band organ comes through, or an itinerant band. You cannot help realizing then how near the love of music comes to the heart of the people.

"There is no appropriation here in Hoboken for music as there is in New York. In Jersey City there is a municipal appropriation. I do not know about other cities, but I assume that it is the general practice to make provision for this form of entertainment. I think it should be, for it is necessary to give people pleasure. They must have it, innocent if they can get it; if not, their activities lead them into by-laws.

"You have not had any of the trouble that Father Curry has complained of?" "Father Curry?" Mr. Stevens smiled. "Well, I can't tell what might happen in the way of love making if the concerts should take place in the evening, but we do not allow that.

"Mr. Stevens spoke of the cadet corps which he organized a few years ago and which numbers now about 120 young men and boys.

"I am intensely interested in that; perhaps as much as in any of my business or charitable affairs," he said. "Just at present the boys are getting up their enthusiasm for their Fourth of July outing.

"I usually take them somewhere for that day and on Decoration Day, too. Sometimes we simply have a picnic at Castle Point, my family residence on the Heights here. There are about twenty acres, plenty of room for the boys to swing around in.

"I started the cadet corps with the idea of keeping the young boys off the streets and giving them a new interest. I have a small clubhouse for them here in the town. Downstairs is the drill room and upstairs are



SOME OF MR. STEVENS'S PROTEGES.

the sitting room, gymnasium, etc. "You must be amazed at the interest the boys take and keep in their drills and exercises. Some of the boys have started in this corps have entered the Regular army in the ranks and I hear have made very good soldiers.

"A number of them have gone to the

of saloons, and often a young man gets into the habit of dropping into those places to kill time, and that is the first downward step. The corps has given them a chance to work off their extra vitality without evil results.

"I am not advocating total abstinence, as you might think from that. In fact, I believe that it does less harm for a boy to have a glass of beer at home—that is, of course, when he is of proper age for it—than for him to be taught that it is something dreadful, and when the temptation comes to him for him to start in on whiskey as so many do.

"The Germans, I believe, have taught us a lesson in that respect. The German boy is allowed to have his glass of beer when he is old enough, and he places no undue importance on it. The American boy, on the contrary, too often thinks about the matter and gives it an exaggerated importance. Particularly is this true if his family are rabid on the subject of teetotalism.

"I believe that boys should be taught to



AT THE CONCERT IN HUDSON PARK.

be mainly and temperate, and the duties and pleasures of organization. I think the little taste of military life they get in the drills helps them to a right standard of morals.

"It's the boys who are strong and full of animal spirits who are naturally attracted by such an experience as that which the corps affords them. The boys who have their imaginations fired by stories of men like Tracy or Jesse James unless they have cause trouble later to the authorities, when they really don't mean any harm. If a boy can get into some military corps he finds a much healthier environment than reading and dreaming about the exploits of notorious men.

"Mr. Stevens also spoke of his work as probation officer and the supervision of

"My work since January as probation officer has given me great opportunity to help people along the lines where I be-

lieve the most good can be done," he said. "I have permission of the Judge to expend my salary in hiring assistants to take care of a great deal of the detail work which it would be impossible for me to attend to with the rest of my responsibilities in that connection.

"The system of probation for offences seems to me the most helpful to offenders, and I believe that all the later authorities of criminology concur in the belief that

it is not by degrading and punishing the criminal that the greater good can be effected. "Often it happens that a young boy suddenly meets with temptation. Perhaps he is weak or foolish and succumbs. Now, you can see the incalculable harm it would do to send that boy to prison for a few months. He comes out a wiser, more reformed. He comes out humiliated, he has the prison stain about him and he has lost his self-respect, and when a man or boy loses that there is little hope for him.

"Besides that, when he is in a prison or a reformatory he is herded in with criminals whose pride is to make themselves out as bad as they can. He comes away with the standard that to be a clever rogue is the greatest thing in the world, and it is not long before he goes back again and comes out the second time still more hardened and depraved.

"By the probation system he gets another chance. He has to report to me or to one of my assistants once a week. He is kept under surveillance, and if he falls back into his habits of drinking or other offences a warrant is issued for him and he is arrested.

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"When under probation he is required to pay his fines by installments, and the installments are made commensurate with his wages. If he is poor, with a large family and hardly able to support them, it is made as light as possible. If he is getting good wages he has to pay in accordance.

"Another feature of the probation system is that it helps the family of the offender. It is a great injustice oftentimes that the wife and children of a criminal should suffer. Take away the father and husband, deprive the family of his wages and they are left destitute through no fault of theirs. "If you look at the probation system purely from the point of view of practicality it is a great improvement on the old system. Just read the statistics of the expenses to a State or city of taking care of its criminals and then realize what the probation system of giving a man another chance means.

"Once a week, in the evening, the probationers come here and report. I have set aside the evening for the purpose, so as not to interfere with their working hours.

"Of course many men go away from the State without paying their fines. Sometimes they begin, but drop out. But, on the other hand, many men who go away send me the money after they make their new home and keep it up until the fine is paid off.

"There are 800 probationers on the list at present, among them men, women and children.

"My sister, Mrs. Alexander, has been made assistant probation officer and the women come under her supervision. She has found an opportunity to do a lot of good for the young girls, many of whom might go on the streets if it were not for careful oversight at first. She is equally interested with me in the opportunity to help conditions here in Hoboken.

"On the list of my probationers the ages vary from 8 years to 65. What could a child of 8 do? The one on the list was arrested for stealing coal.

"It is an interesting fact that I find among so many of the poorer classes—I believe that other people have noticed this too."

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## CHUMS OF THE WILD BEASTS.

AN ANIMAL TRAINER TELLS OF THE NOTIONS THEY HAVE.

Lion's Poney for a Presbyterian Minister—Elephant's Love for a Dog—Big Cats That Will Perform Only for Women—Difficulties of Animal Training.

A shrill whistle from the director, and immediately the band struck up a lively air, the doors of the big arena were thrown open, and out in front of the audience

tripped some twenty-seven lions followed by the dog, athletic, self-possessed man, and the show was on. With the audience

was marvelling at the skill of the director of the performance, away at the front of the balcony by an open window which overlooked the entrance to the animal

park, a man in a clown's costume was explaining the how of it. Bobby Mack can speak with authority on such subjects, because he has been an animal trainer all his life, and to quote his own expression, he has handled everything "from a rat to an elephant."

"Don't call me a lion-tamer," he began, "for there are none. There never was one, and I don't believe there ever will be one."

"I am a trainer of animals, wild animals, that's all. And I sometimes think that's pretty near enough," he added, reflectively, as he looked at a dozen or so scars on his arms and hands.

"The one important point with any wild animal is to make it understand that you are the master. With that idea firmly fixed, and its ignorance of its own power, you have made a splendid start. Then to train them to perform is merely a case of steak or stake, chop or club sandwich.

"I don't want you to think," he added hastily, "that the animals are handled brutally. Nothing of the sort is permitted here, and it would only spoil the animals if it were allowed."

"But just the same the animals when being trained, are rewarded or punished by their trainer, just as children in school are. And, indeed, there could be no better illustration of the best methods of training wild animals, than the kindergarten system of teaching children.

"First and foremost, of course, the animals have to be gradually accustomed to the presence of their trainer. He feeds them, and if the animal ever realize that they are accustomed to having him near, they outside the cage at first, of course, and then gradually he goes into closer relationship with them, goes into their cages, gets to handle them a little, never showing signs of nervousness or fear, and always prompt to punish any attack on him.

"When he has reached the stage where he can enter the cage, sit down in his chair beside the animal and stroke it with his hand without being attacked, it is about time for the trainer to begin to teach the animal some of the things he is to do."

"You can never tell how a big cat, or a little one, for that matter, is going to act when he first gets into the arena, and that is usually a pretty anxious moment for the trainer. It sometimes takes days to accustom the beast to the arena."

"It takes usually from ten weeks to three months to teach the first trick, and during all this time the trainer is studying his charge, and vice versa, I presume. If the animal best is to have a high performance, they are taught separately, then two together, then three, and so on, one being added to the number at a time until the whole troupe are in."

"You can figure from that, maybe, how much time and patience and nerve force, to say nothing of skin and flesh, Jack Bonavita has employed to get his twenty-seven lions to work together."

"All the animals that work together, also have to be taught to get along with each other, and are usually caged together, that is, in a row of cages with screens between, so they get accustomed to each other and a trifle friendly, perhaps. Otherwise, there would be more scrap between them than a few."

"As it is, there are plenty. There was one lion we had that killed a polar bear and two tigers, but a tiger in the back and nearly killed it, and once, while in the run-way after a performance, he grabbed a lioness and carried her into the arena."

"Nero, as we called that lion, made a mistake that time, though, because the lioness turned on him in the arena and thrashed him well, hurting him badly in the fight."

"There isn't one of us in the place that hasn't been bitten and clawed a lot, generally, however, unintentionally. This may sound strange, but it is true, nevertheless."

"You see, the big cats don't know how strong they are, and the curved claws are like steel hooks, curving inward as they do, and once they sink in, something has to come with them. A lion can hurt you just as badly by placing his paw easily on your hand or leg and simply sinking his claws in and contracting them, as though he made a swipe at you and reached you."

"And the same is true of all the cats. Lions are the easiest to train as a rule, but less nervous than the others. It doesn't matter much at what age you begin to work them, and, as a matter of fact, they are much easier to train than those born in captivity."

"Most of them are just as nervous as any woman ever thought of being. They like apples and dislikes, and they stick to them."

"I have a photograph of one of my lions taken with a Philadelphia minister, a Presbyterian, I think, who came into the place one day and after standing in front of the cage for some time, asked me if he could go into the cage. I let him do so, and that lion just made the biggest fuss over him and after he was out of his cage and stroked him."

"I remember once, in Buffalo, putting a little black cat in a cage with a lion and tiger that worked together. There was a screen door between the animals, and I threw the dog in with the lion."

"During the night they got the screen door pushed aside somehow, and I found them in the morning all three asleep together. Well, that dog stayed with them for about three months and had the time of his life."

"One day one of the boys let him out and he ran away and got lost. A few days later he was found, and he was running another dog as much like the first as possible, in the cage with the lion. That one didn't last long enough to tell of it."

"Take the dog that I have here. He has been together ever since they were born, almost, and the lion is fond of mutton or lamb, too."

"The lion won't touch the arena unless the lamb is driven in with him. We have tried it often, but you simply can't make him perform until the lamb shows up, and then he will do his act as well as any of them."

"One of our elephants used to have a dog for a chum, and would curl his trunk around the dog at night and the two would sleep together. That dog got lost and the trainer of that elephant worked for three months to get the beast to accept a new dog of the same breed as a chum."

"It was no go. Every time that dog came within reach the elephant would make a wicked blow at him with his trunk, and the trainer had to give it up as a bad job."

can't work him. One of our boys lost the biggest part of his forearm in a scrap with one of them that had reached the limit a little earlier than usual.

"The hyena can be trained to some extent, but doesn't seem to have as much intelligence as the others. He is a much abused animal as a rule, and isn't nearly as vicious and violent as is supposed. I never knew one to attack a trainer without cause, and the one attack that was made upon me was the result of my own carelessness. I would sooner train a big monkey than any animal I know of. Then it is like a game of chess—a regular battle of the wits."

"They are so much above all other animals in intelligence that they give more trouble than the rest and produce better results when conquered. Many a time I have had my coat ripped off my back and been pounced just as a man would pounce me by one of the big apes."

"I remember one time that I used a tricycle and used to lock it up and tie it up after he was through, using a rope and tying it in most wonderful knots. That animal was a true animal and he did not know while he bit my face, and another time he grabbed my coat, pulled me toward him, jerked my watch out of my pocket and smashed it in the face with it before I could dodge."

"But the monkeys are the thing, and I would sooner have a monkey to train than to have a lion or a tiger. Here La Belle Selica, who in private life is Mrs. Mack, came in with Miss Ora Cecil, and took up the story of the show. Selica, who is a lioness, and Miss Cecil with leopards, a puma and a jaguar."

"The little cats," said Miss Cecil, "are nicer than the big ones, I think, but more treacherous, and harder to handle. They are in his or her own way. They are playful at times and like to be petted, but you never can be sure whether they will hurt you or not."

"The more quiet they are the more closely you have to watch them, and they never give me nervous so long as they snarl and spit and make a fuss, they are trained exactly as the lions and other animals are and are affected by the weather and by the place of performance and in the proper use more than by any change in the dress of the performer."

"One funny thing about them, though, is that if you show them that they have been once handled by a woman will not work for a man. I can't explain it, but it's so."

"Selica, who had just finished her dance and whispered something to the man who had been said."

"I like the animals, you know, and haven't much trouble with them," she said, "but I should like to see a nice, quiet, quick cupation for a lady. It's the uncertainty of what is going to happen that makes one nervous, and that, coupled with the knowledge that if the animal ever realize that you are afraid of them your power is gone, helps to keep the tension pretty high."

"You see, I haven't the aid of a hypnotic eye, and if I were any good, to help control the beasts. And the only hypnotism that is in the game, to be absolutely frank with you, is the hypnotism of quiet determination. It is a touch of force, backed by the ignorance of power in the animals."

"Selica, it may be said, is the only American woman lion trainer in the world, and in New York City she has been twenty years ago. Miss Cecil, who is a native of St. Catherine, Ontario, is about the same age as Selica; Bobby Mack is only 24, Bonavita is 28, and Thomas Mack is 30. Another of the group, is about 25. Not a single gray hair in the lot, and not one of them as old as allance, the lion that has been told to perform, and has received more and longer press notices than any other animal has ever been credited with, except, perhaps, Junco, Barnum's old elephant. It is only the young who succeed in the business, or do they all put the animals through their paces once too often?"

**TOYS FOR PRINCESS YOLANDA.**  
President of France to Make Excquisite Gift to Daughter of King of Italy.

From the London Truth.  
Since last October a maker of dolls' furniture has been busy executing an order from M. Loubet. The articles ordered were submitted to the king and queen of Italy, and their return the other day from Marseilles, their place in the Drome, and met with their fullest approbation. They are for the youthful daughters of the King and Queen of Italy.

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## ORDEAL OF THE NEWLY WED

JUSTICE BROWN AND HIS BRIDE MET WITH THE COMMON LOT

ATLANTIC CITY, July 2.—A very nattily dressed, ruddy faced man, accompanied by a woman young enough in appearance to be his daughter, entered one of the ornate music gardens of the Boardwalk the other evening.

The elderly man wore a cream-colored flannel suit of excellent cut, with an all but invisible blue silk stripe thread running through the fabric. His negligé shirt was of champagne buff pique, set off at the neck with a puffed bow tie of brilliant crimson grenadine.

A cream-colored leather belt, with a gold buckle, was run through the belt straps of his flannel trousers. His shoes were of spotlessly white canvas. When the bottoms of his trousers lifted slightly as he walked, champagne-colored socks of silk and of the openwork pattern were revealed.

The elderly man was Justice Brown of the Supreme Court of the United States and the woman on his arm was his wife, whom he had married but a few days before at a little town near Trenton. In spite of the fact that the Justice is bordering on 70, it was a sort of a runaway match, in that it came as a tremendous surprise to the Justice's relatives and friends.

Seated around many tables in the music garden entered by Justice Brown and his bride were the jovial members of a large party of Michiganers who came down here on an excursion from Detroit. Justice Brown is from Michigan. The Michigan men recognized him before he had well got through the entrance.

One of them shot away from his table and over to the leader of the orchestra and whispered something to the man who had the baton, who instantly brought the musicians to attention with a flourish of his stick.

The orchestra immediately got into the swing of the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin." They played it fortissimo, as the Michigan men had requested the orchestra leader to play.

In the progress of his long and studious life, Justice Brown has not neglected the lighter side of life, and the first two bars of the "Bridal Chorus" hadn't resounded through the garden before he looked around keenly.

He glanced the air and scented the underlying meaning of the put-up job. His bride was as quick to apprehend the significance attaching to the unrelenting couple's search for something particular moment, and she blushed prettily.

The bride and bridegroom looked at each other in smiling confusion, exchanged remarks, and then Justice Brown turned as if to a precipitate retreat.

Before they could do that, however, they were